

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS
UPON CURRENT TOPICS—COMPILED EVERY
DAY FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

MR. GREELEY AND HIS SOUTHERN FRIENDS.

From the N. Y. Times.

Although it may be chiefly a matter of personal interest that Mr. Horace Greeley should have consented to hold an interview with Jeff. Davis, immediately after the latter had been spotted in the South, there are some other incidents in connection with Mr. Greeley's Southern tour which, now that he has returned, we hope he will find time to explain. It has seemed strange to many that Mr. Greeley should consent to act as chairman of the Tammany Republican, an organization which now serves nothing but Tammany, and does its work under false pretenses. It seemed still more strange that as soon as Mr. Greeley turned his face southward, the *Tribune* began to attack General Grant, while Mr. Greeley allowed his friends to put him in nomination for the Presidency.

Mr. Greeley's letter to his Kansas friend was dated May 4, and it gave a consent to the proposition that he should be nominated for the Presidency. After that came the Southern tour, in the course of which Mr. Greeley seems to have aimed at securing the sympathies, if not the support, of the Southern people. His consenting to hold a complimentary "pow-wow" with Jeff. Davis only seems to have been a part of the general design. Everywhere Mr. Greeley has been trying his fascinating powers on the Southern people. At New Orleans he said that "had universal amnesty been adopted five years ago, there would now be no Ku-Klux." At Galveston he made the following remarks, which are certainly much opposed to the general statements of the *Tribune*, and, as we believe, to the facts. We quote from the *Houston Telegraph*:

"I believe at this day that not so much violence occurs in Texas as in New York city, and certainly there is not nearly so much said about it. With about an equal population in Texas as in the city of New York, there are more desperadoes in that than in Texas, and it is harder work to manage them."

Again, we find the following passage from one of Mr. Greeley's speeches quoted in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. That paper very naturally says of it: "It is this the fundamental principle of government, we of the North have been fighting against it, and have been guilty of a crime so monstrous that language cannot describe it." The following is the quotation:

"We have no other doctrine respecting secession than that embodied in the preamble to our fathers' Declaration of Independence, namely, that 'Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' which consent the governed have the right to withdraw. Our fathers felt themselves justified in seceding from and driving the British Empire on this globe, renouncing their allegiance to the crown, whereof they had been born subjects, and whereof they had sworn fidelity. Having been educated to believe in their right to do this, they shall not willingly die for their graves at this late day."

Even these sentiments, and the construction put upon them, are not so strong in Mr. Greeley's mouth as the following extract from another of his speeches, reported in the *Vicksburg Herald* of June 2:

"I greet you here," said Mr. Greeley, "as citizens who will in time feel honor in the glory of Stonewall Jackson as well as those who were in the opposing armies (cheers), who will glory alike in the glory of R. E. Lee as well as those who fought against him. He felt that the clouds that now hover over the country would soon be swept away, and vanish in the grand growing and rising republic which will one day embrace all the countries and all the people of this North American continent."

If this is not carrying magnanimity a little too far, we may as well admit at once that we have wronged the South by resisting it at all, and offer it full compensation for its injuries. The above quotations may all be susceptible of explanation, but as they stand they will not increase the estimation in which Mr. Greeley is held, in this part of the country at least. With Jeff. Davis going about the South talking of reviving the lost cause, at the head of triumphal processions, and bands of music playing the "Bonnie Blue Flag," it is unfortunate that Mr. Greeley should have taken it upon his head to hob-nob with the traitor, and talk about the North "glorying in the glory" of Lee and Jackson.

All this happens, too, at a time when Mr. Greeley allows himself to be put forward as a candidate for the Presidency; when he is chairman of a local committee which is engaged in doing all that it possibly can to discredit a Republican administration; and when Tammany recognizes the importance of the alliance by placing the *Tribune* on the list of papers for receiving the corporation advertisements, which now are never given except as a reward for past service, or out of "gratitude for favors to come."

A LESSON FROM A GOVERNESS.

From the N. Y. World.

One incident in the drama of the Tiebhorne baronetcy case, which is now filling the English papers, deserves the particular attention of our friends Miss Anthony and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe—both friends, we hope, of ours, though foes, we are sorry to see, one to another. During the third day of the trial the Solicitor-General seems to have become irritated by the cumulative force of the evidence arrayed against him by the counsel of the claimant. One witness after another came to the stand testifying unanimously that if the claimant was not Sir Roger Tiebhorne he was "the devil himself." When a lady, a governess formerly in the Tiebhorne family, followed in the same strain, the angry Solicitor-General attempted to vent upon her his heated-up wrath. He snubbed and insulted her till the court interfered to protect her, but when he asked her a question as to the way in which young Mr. Tiebhorne had behaved towards ladies, the victim of his impertinence gave him back better than he had brought. "Was the young man polite towards ladies?" asked the Solicitor-General. "He was, indeed, very polite towards ladies," replied the governess; and with a marked inflection of the voice she added, "gentlemen, I believe, always are so."

It was a palpable hit. The court-room, stolidly English though it was, burst into a laugh, and the Solicitor-General turned red in the face under his white wig. As a lesson to lawyers the gallantry of this little governess deserves well of witnesses in all countries. But when one considers how vulgar and ennobling the treatment of governesses in particular is in most English families, and what a burden of dull arrogance and insolence educated women condemned to this occupation—women for the most part gently born and always gently bred—have to bear in nine out of ten houses of the English "upper classes," we submit that our female reformers ought to recognize and reward this particular heroine who dared to have a soul of her own and to stand up for it, even in the presence of the periwigged majesty of a British court of justice. The matter is not so wholly foreign to our own

business and bosom as it may at first appear to be. Thanks to the community of tongue, we read English novels as freely in America as they are read in England, and there can be no doubt that the pictures of life painted in these novels have a positive effect upon considerable numbers of people in America. For the most part this effect is bad. The sort of persons who dawdle or drive, as the case may be, through the majority of English fashionable novels are caricatured specimens of a kind of society which is itself a caricature. With the exception of Mr. Disraeli, in "Lothair," no English writer has had the eyes to see or the courage to depict the utter emptiness, the grotesque, more than Chinese self-sufficiency, and the solemn stupidity of aristocratic life in England in the nineteenth century. The average English novelist, finding in the noble mansions, the high-sounding titles—echoes of a once illustrious past—the paradisaical parks, the glittering households of the English aristocracy, admirable scenes for the exercise of his accessions for dramatic work, has only to be at the pains of inventing heroes and heroines to move amid these enchanting circumstances. This he gladly does. He clothes the necks of his young peers with thunder, like the warhorse in Job, and invests his damsels with fawnlike grace, with dove-like innocence, or with the deadly fascination of the leopardess, as his case may require.

Around these ideal beings set in real scenes he pours an atmosphere of flunkeyism and frivolity, and the result is a novel perfectly fitted to make fools of excellent informed readers as it finds no fools anywhere. In nothing are these novels more distasteful than in the conceptions taken for granted by their authors of the relations which should exist between the rich and great on one side and the dependents of the rich and great on the other side. We have no peerage in America, and the vulgarizing influence of a peerage upon society is not likely to be felt among us, even by reflection, to any considerable degree in the intercourse of people who meet each other simply as strangers or acquaintances in the world. There are, we believe, vague, forthrightly of this influence sometimes observable in the weighty matter of precedence at Washington dinner-tables. But as Washington dinner-tables are here-to-day, and to-morrow are removed to the auction-mart or exported to Peoria, and as the discussion of precedence at Washington dinner-tables is pretty sure always to end only in making the silly people who engage in it hate and avoid each other ever after, no great harm can come of it. But it is otherwise with the relations of employer and employed. These exist in all countries. Wherever the native instincts and traditional habits of American life as it was colored by the practice of our educated classes in times past still prevail nothing can be more wholesome, honorable, or admirable than the American way of treating these relations. It is for their deleterious effect upon these relations chiefly that the English novels of which we speak are to be deprecated. They paint an order of ideas not much longer to be endured even in Great Britain, an order of ideas utterly odious and intolerable in America. Wherefore it were well, we repeat, that the women who seek to reform American society should not lose sight of this valiant little Tiebhorne governess, who so steadily refused to be "put down" even by as awful a personage as the Solicitor-General of England. Indeed, the whole Tiebhorne case is worth dissemination were it only as an antidote to the false and silly notions of aristocratic life engendered by the fashionable story-tellers of Great Britain. Neither Mrs. Gore nor Mrs. Wood, neither Wilkie Collins nor the author of "Guy Livingstone," ever concocted a more interesting and dramatic tale than the true history of the Tiebhorne baronetcy. It has all the elements and accessories. There is an ancient family, of blood so blue that in comparison with it the descendants of the tradesman who founded the dual house of Cavendish and of the apothecary who rescued the more than dual name of Percy from extinction are the veriest "cads." There is an ancestral mansion full of legends and of ancestral graces of the fairest world. The upholsterer is faultless. The characters provoke one to remember Goldsmith's cruel description of a Dutch house—that it was a palace built for a hog.

THE LOST BOURBON.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

When the Count of Chambord published his manifesto assuring distracted Frenchmen that he would never find happiness and prosperity until they secured the country against the evils of "hazard governments" by re-establishing a monarchy hereditary in the Bourbon line, he little imagined what trouble he was drawing down upon his head, and how promptly the spectre of a possible crown was to be grasped by a new flesh-and-blood pretender. We know that in royal houses the birth of an august baby must be attested by a great many more formalities than are commonly deemed convenient in the families of ordinary people; and the Bourbon princes at least must be convinced that the death of a king ought also to be proved with equally extraordinary precautions. If the young son of Louis XVI had been a simple gentleman, no reasonable creature would hesitate to believe that he had died in the Temple, as histories relate, and was safely and comfortably buried. But being an unrecognized king, it was of course to be expected that romance should weave for him an astonishing narrative of escape and exile, and that the popular appetite for the marvellous should make it easy to keep alive the deception. There were hundreds, even in this country, who believed the half-bred preacher, Eleazar Williams, to be the veritable heir to the throne of the deposed French King; and if we are not mistaken there is a French Bourbon now, somewhere in the Western States, running a lake steamer, or driving a stage-coach, who claims to be the grandson of the boy prisoner of the Temple.

The Count of Chambord can probably face with equanimity any competitor he is likely to encounter in the United States; but we doubt whether he is prepared for Mr. Augustus Meves. This gentleman has just published his manifesto in the *London Spectator*. He signs it "Auguste de Bourbon," and a very funny production it is. The style is suggestive both of a king and a cad, for it is

magnificent in its assumptions, and intolerable in its taste. It is a style such as a royal person might use if he were a pasted-board crown and a robe of glazed muslin, frequented debating societies, and read the *New York Herald*. King Meves, in fact, has been a well-known London bore for a great many years. He published not very long ago a volume of "Historical Memoirs of Louis XVII," in which his claims to the throne were fully explained; and though the book was generally laughed at, some persons thought it worthy of elaborate refutation. His father, a musician by occupation and French by birth, was the originator of the imposture. He represented himself to be the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, rescued from the Temple by some scheme which we need not now recall. The present pretender may be, perhaps, an honest believer in the father's story; at any rate, he has told his tale with as much persistence as the Ancient Mariner—though, unfortunately, he does not possess that old sear's faculty of making a story lively.

If the revival of Bourbon prospects should last, we may find that the historical Dauphin has left a numerous putative progeny in various parts of the world, and scores of shabby genteel princes may spring up to claim the succession. The chance is too great to be neglected. So much ingenuity has been expended in trying to disprove the Dauphin's death that the majority of moderately well-read people believe there is a mystery about it which, like the problem of the Man in the Iron Mask, may never be fully set at rest. The story is so mysterious and so full of incident, so really very simple, but it is only necessary to write a great deal about anything to make it very obscure. Will not France pause a moment and reflect before she lends countenance to the Bourbon schemes? A revival of the Lost Dauphin controversy is too serious an evil to be deliberately inflicted upon the world.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM'S TACTICS.

From Theodore Tilton's Golden Age.

The recent action of the Democratic Convention of Ohio by which, after a vote of 365 to 133, the Democrats of that State say: "We recognize the accomplished facts, the three amendments to the Constitution, recently declared adopted, and consider the same no longer political issues before the country"—this declaration, coming from a source from which we might reasonably have apprehended the contrary, is a moral gain to the whole nation, and ought to be accepted thankfully by men of all parties.

We have no sympathy with the disposition manifested by those Republicans who want to see the Democrats as much in the wrong and as little in the right as possible. On the contrary, the nearer right the parties are, the better for the common country. So far as this journal has had a voice to which Democrats have been willing to accord a respectful hearing, we have urged seconded the efforts of those Democratic leaders who have been trying to rescue their party from the control of Frank Blair and his co-revolutionists. We have always wanted to see the Democracy pledged to maintain, rather than to subvert, the issues settled by the war. We appeal to all thoughtful Republicans whether it is not better that Mr. Vallandigham and his friends should declare the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments accomplished facts, than deny their validity and demand their obliteration.

The Ohio platform, at least so far as it relates to these amendments, will probably be the Democratic platform for the next Presidential campaign. It is a wise act on the part of our opponents to refrain from attempting to turn back the sun upon the clock. A political party that keeps its step with the march of the age perishes like a caravan lost in the sand. The Democratic party does not want to die. But the fact that the backward-looking Democrats of Ohio were a minority of one-third shows that this ancient party still has a powerful element within it which is attempting its destruction. Moreover, Mr. Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the lost cause, as if bent on a second suicide, openly say that they "refuse to accept the situation;" and we believe that Mr. Davis represents in himself very fairly the sentiment of about one-third of the Democratic party of the United States. Nevertheless the fact that Mr. Vallandigham in his own party can inaugurate a political rebellion against its rebel chief, and that the new flag waves over two-thirds of the rank and file, is cheering to our spirits, for it shows that the Democratic party dares no longer to lift its official hand to strike the negro.

The sincerity of these Ohio politicians is not a subject into which we care closely to inquire. Great parties are generally more politic than individuals. We understand well the animus of the late "new departure." The Democrats want to win the next Presidential election, if they can. They know that they cannot, if they attempt to undo the constitutional amendments. They therefore presently agree to respect what they would more willingly destroy. Such reasoning as this is what undoubtedly moved many of Mr. Vallandigham's followers—perhaps also Mr. Vallandigham himself. But such reasoning is, after all, the best kind of logic, for it is the logic of events.

The question now arises, Since the Democratic party pledges itself to abide by the constitutional amendments, and since it wants universal amnesty, what can individual Democrats do by which they may better carry out these wishes than to co-operate with those Republicans who propose to deny to the present administration a second term, and to succeed President Grant with some such man as Horace Greeley? All the more important issues for which the younger spirits of the Democratic party now contend, are faithfully represented by Mr. Greeley. Why not therefore let the better class of Democrats unite with the anti-Grant Republicans, and get ready betimes to nominate Mr. Greeley in 1872?

MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

From the Pilot.

The report of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, with sixty-nine of his priests, has been officially communicated by Minister Washburne, so that there can be no reasonable cause still to doubt the terrible story. This act of the Communists wreches in their frenzy of despair, has done more in one day to injure the cause of France than the enemy of all kings in Europe could do in a century. The wretches who could embrace their hands in the blood of the white-haired Bishop—who could enjoy the death agony of gentle, inoffensive priests—these were the men who proclaimed to the world that they alone were capable of giving a righteous government to France!

The Communist insurrection has been the attempted suicide of Paris, or, perhaps, we should say, the attempted murder of France by the Parisian socialists. Whatever the cause, thank God it has been arrested by a firm hand and a stern will. The one general

who has come spotless through the great war—the soldier "sans peur et sans reproche"—MacMahon of the race of soldiers—has swept the rebels into the cellars and prisons of Paris, and all the statement that the nation can offer to God for the crimes of the evil-doers. The retribution now falling on the heads of the bad men who headed the "Red" rebellion is terrible in the extreme. That which they gave to others is now meted out to them—a short shrift and a bloody grave.

All who love the Catholic faith, who love virtue, love liberty, love their country and their fellow-beings, should pray to Almighty God that this wounded, suffering nation of France may arise from her tribulation purified, strengthened, and hopeful.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1871.
The Board of Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of FIVE PER CENT. on the capital stock of the Company, clear of National and State taxes, payable in cash, on and after May 30, 1871.

Blank powers of attorney for collecting dividends can be had at the office of the company.

The office will be open at 9 A. M., and close at 3 P. M., from May 30 to June 3, for the payment of dividends, and after that date from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

THOMAS T. FIRTH,
Treasurer.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.—THIS SPLENDID HAIR DYE is the best in the world, the only true and perfect dye. It restores the hair to its natural color, and gives it a soft, wavy, and flowing appearance. It does not contain Lead nor any Vital Poison to injure the Hair or System. It invigorates the Hair and leaves it soft and beautiful. Black or Brown. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Applied at the Factory, No. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK. (427 mwt)

FILES.—DR. GUNNELL DEVOTES HIS TIME to the treatment of Piles, Hemorrhoids, or itching. Hundreds of cases deemed incurable without an operation have been permanently cured. Best city reference given. Office, No. 31 N. ELYSANTH STREET.

DR. F. R. THOMAS, No. 311 WALNUT ST., formerly Mayor of the Cotton Dental Rooms, devotes his entire practice to extracting teeth without pain, with fresh nitrous oxide gas. 1171

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THE PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY

FOR INSURANCES ON LIVES AND GRANTING

ANNUITIES.

Office No. 304 WALNUT Street.

INCORPORATED MARCH 10, 1812.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

SURPLUS UPWARDS OF \$750,000.

Receive money on deposit, returnable on demand, for which interest is allowed. And under appointment by individuals, corporations, and courts, act as GUARDIANS, ADMINISTRATORS, TRUSTEES, RECEIVERS, AGENTS, COLLECTORS, ETC. And for the faithful performance of its duties as such all its assets are liable.

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WILLIAM B. HILL, Actuary.

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THE PHILADELPHIA TRUST, SAFE DEPOSIT

OFFICE AND BURGULAR-PROOF VAULTS IN THE PHILADELPHIA BANK BUILDING, No. 421 CHESTNUT STREET.

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All fiduciary obligations, such as TRUSTS, GUARDIANSHIP, EXECUTORSHIP, &c., will be undertaken and faithfully discharged. All trust investments are kept separate and apart from the Company's assets. Circulars, giving full details, forwarded on application.

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Thomas Robins, Augustus Heaton, Lewis R. Ashhurst, R. R. Patterson, J. Livingston Erringer, Daniel Haddock, Jr., R. F. McQuinn, Edward J. Townsend, Edwin M. Lewis, We understand the well known animus of the late "new departure." The Democrats want to win the next Presidential election, if they can. They know that they cannot, if they attempt to undo the constitutional amendments. They therefore presently agree to respect what they would more willingly destroy. Such reasoning as this is what undoubtedly moved many of Mr. Vallandigham's followers—perhaps also Mr. Vallandigham himself. But such reasoning is, after all, the best kind of logic, for it is the logic of events.

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LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

NEW ROGERS GROUP,

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All Chromos sold at 25 per cent. below regular rates.

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ASSETS January 1 1871 \$3,050,536

Receipts of 70,000,000 2,096,124
Interests from Investments, 1870, 197,000
\$2,293,124

Losses paid in 1870 \$1,136,941

STATEMENT OF THE ASSETS.

First Mortgages on Philadelphia City Property \$854,900
United States Government Bonds 169,310
Pennsylvania State Loans 200,000
Philadelphia City Loans 200,000
New Jersey and other State Loans and City Bonds 205,810
Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Co. 265,240
Other Railroad Mortgage Bonds 63,456
Philadelphia Bank and other Stocks 251,049
Cash in Bank 81,454
Notes receivable and Marine Premiums 426,430
Accrued Interest 88,801
Real estate, Office of the Company 20,000
\$3,050,536

Certificate of Insurance issued, payable in London at the Counting House of Messrs. B. R. J. W. N. SHIPLEY & CO.

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1829. CHARTER PERPETUAL 1871

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OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office, Nos. 435 and 437 CHESTNUT St.

Assets Jan. 1, '71, \$3,087,452 '35

CAPITAL \$500,000

ACCUMULATED SURPLUS AND PREMIUMS \$2,587,452 '35

INCORPORATED 1871

LOSSES PAID IN 1870 \$1,500,000

LOSSES PAID SINCE 1829 Nearly \$4,000,000.

The Assets of the "FRANKLIN" are all invested in solid securities (over \$2,500,000 in First Bonds and Mortgages), with all interest bearing and dividend paying. The Company has no Bill Receivable taken for Insurance effected.

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JAMES V. McALLISTER, Secretary.

THOMAS M. REGER, Assistant Secretary.

INCORPORATED

MARCH 24, 1860.

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE

No. 34 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL \$500,000.

ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1871, \$1,705,310-07

STATEMENT OF THE ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages \$1,546,967-92
Ground Rents, Jewels, and other VALUABLES, under special guarantee, at the lowest rates. \$53,970-70
Real Estate 53,970-70
U. S. Gov't 20 Bonds 40,000-00
Cash on hand 24,442-62
\$1,705,310-07

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WM. H. HAMILTON, President.

SAMUEL SPARKS, Vice-President.

WILLIAM B. BUTLER, Secretary.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.